OPEN LETTER TO CLIFTON FADIMAN . . . . By Norman Cousins

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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VOLUME XXV No. 45 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

"MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS"
by Julian Green
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét

"A STUDY OF WAR"
by Quincy Wright
Reviewed by Ellsworth Huntington

"PRINCIPLES OF WAR"
by Gen. Carl Von Clausewitz
Reviewed by Lt. Col. Joseph I. Greene

"THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE"
by Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller
Reviewed by Joseph Hergesheimer

"LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN"
by LeGrand Cannon, Jr.
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"INNOCENT MERRIMENT"
Selected by Franklin P. Adams
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

JULIAN GREEN, author of "Memories of Happy Days." (See Page 7)

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PERSONALS

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—John Mason Brown

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Anatomy of Military Science

1. BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

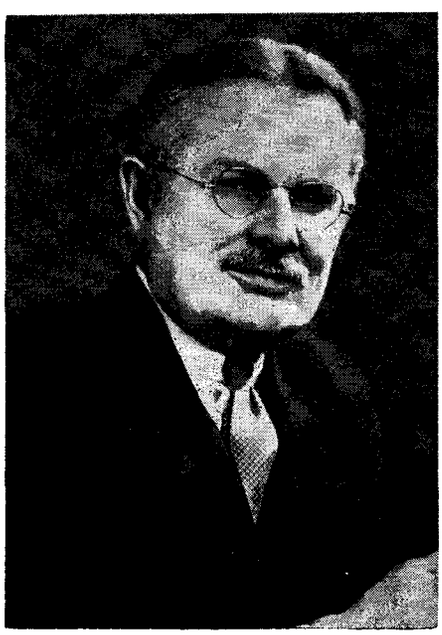
IN these days of trouble we want to know a great deal about war, but it all boils down to two things: How can we win the present war with the greatest speed and least loss? How can we prevent other wars in the future? As to the first, we can merely fight and work to the best of our ability, and hope for the best. As to the second, which in the long run is by far the greater, the main need is careful study of the wars of the past. In order to plan intelligently for the future we need to know when, where, and why wars occur, who make them, what causes lead to them, what circumstances determine their destructiveness and length, under what conditions they fall to a minimum and give us relatively long periods of comparative peace, and what experiments have already been tried to prevent war. Such knowledge in itself will not forestall future wars, but without it we certainly are in no position to frame momentous decisions as to how we shall reorganize the world when the Axis has been defeated.

Because of all this, it is of no small import that Professor Quincy Wright of the University of Chicago has published the results* of a fifteen-year study of war by men of many diverse interests. As a preliminary to the present book no less than ten others have been published, and over fifty unpublished studies have been prepared by research assistants and members of the Chicago faculty. Thus it is now possible to sum up the results of one of the most thorough historical and sociological investigations ever made. How thorough it is may be judged from the fact that approximately 1,800 different authors and over 5,000 specific references appear in the bibliographical index. The book consists of two solid volumes with a total of over 1,500 pages. If much of the material had not been put in very small type, three volumes would have been needed.

Mere size, however, is of no consequence unless there is a corresponding degree of careful thought. This there has been, with the result that "A Study of War" is bound to be conspicuous for a long time in two respects. First, everyone who wants the basic facts about the causes of war will have to use this book. Second, in the animated discussion of post-war reorganization which is bound to follow a victory of the United Nations, such a book will help greatly in clarifying our ideas. Only a few people, to be sure, are likely to read the book thoroughly, for there is nothing of the milk-for-babes quality about it. Thoughtful students, however, the kind whose voices ought to prevail in the post-war reorganization, will have

(*Continued on page* 18)

*A STUDY OF WAR. By Quincy Wright. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1942. 1,497 pp., and index. $15.



Quincy Wright

2. BY LT.-COL. JOSEPH I. GREENE

THE main thing that comes up in considering a classic writer on war is whether what he said in terms of the armies he knew—armies numbered in tens of thousands—can be of importance now. Those armies slugged their battles out, often in one day's time on fields no bigger than half of Central Park. Their firearms were slow to load and short of range. Their equipment for campaign was simple. They fought so close together their generals could holloa commands from horseback to a whole division of troops. And war stayed on the ground and did not fly. So what besides a few homilies on esprit and leadership can today's soldier get from studying a book* by a man who wrote with those armies in mind? This is only another way of asking the oft-recurrent question whether there are "principles" of war good for all time. Whether the rules that governed what Hannibal did are of help to General Marshall?

Wars are still fought by men impelled by emotion and reason to kill other men. Men are still scared, and show courage in spite of it as they go about the killing. Armies still have to expend the utmost physical and mental energy in preparation for combat, and in movement and combat itself. Time, distance, space, weight—must likewise still be reckoned, and even altitude is not entirely a new element in war. And man is still one-sided; he has no eyes in the back of his head, he can fight only to the front, and he must still train himself in war to guard his rear as his front. He must think always, even when he fights in tanks or planes, of the possible dangers on the whole circumference around him and around the armies made up of him and his tanks and planes.

So the chances are good that whatever any wise soldier may have put down as the common sense of war at any given time in history will be generally applicable now. And when a soldier has done this whose ability to observe, digest, reflect, and record was as high as that of Clausewitz, every new soldier who reads what he wrote is likely to find his own reflections on warfare substantially excited.

This seems to me as true of "Principles of War" as of Clausewitz's later and major work, "On War." "Principles of War," which he wrote in 1812, is simply an outline of warfare prepared for the crown prince who became Frederick William IV of Prussia and whose military tutor Clausewitz had been for several years. To any man who nowadays follows his own favorite military expert, it will be apparent that Clausewitz said a lot in it that is still being said, and said it as clearly as anyone is saying it now. In fact, you can find in the principal battle manuals of

*PRINCIPLES OF WAR. By Gen. Carl Von Clausewitz. Harrisburg, Pa.: Military Service Publishing Co. 1942. 82 pp. $1.

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present-day armies most of the main points made here by Clausewitz. Our own Field Service Regulations* will tell you that "the ultimate objective of all military operations is the destruction of the enemy's armed forces in battle." Clausewitz gives this, in "Principles of War," as the first of the three main objects of warfare: "(a) to conquer and destroy the armed power of the enemy; (b) to take possession of his military and other sources of strength; and (c) to gain public opinion." There have been plenty of arguments over this in a hundred and thirty years but nobody has put any other dictum in its place.

Clausewitz wrote: "The theory of warfare tries to discover how we may gain a preponderance of physical forces and material advantages at the decisive point." Today's FSR says: "Concentration of superior forces, both on the ground and in the air, at the decisive place and time and their employment in a decisive direction, creates the conditions essential to victory." That "decisive" is still a word worth extended semantic discussion but it's still true that if you hit the enemy in the right spot hard enough he will cave in.

It is worth looking hard at any much-quoted writing to see how greatly a resounding or emotional turn of language may have contributed to its appeal. To my mind this has had little to do with the hold of Clausewitz —often a second- or third-hand hold —on the minds of military men. For he always drew up his rules and principles on a practical basis. He tackled warfare as a whole through a systematic study of actual war. He tells the prince, in the introductory paragraphs of this book for his guidance, " . . . the theory and art of war . . . is nothing but the result of reasonable reflection on all possible situations encountered during a war . . . " Now words like "theory" and "art" are hard to pin down. But here they seem to connote the practical knowledge needed by a skillful general. The advice appears to refer to "all possible situations" of a future war, with the implication that the study of wars already fought will be helpful in the next to come. But the emphasis is on the wars ahead, and that is Clausewitz's habitual direction of thought.

The advice to give reasoned reflection upon *"all the possible situations* encountered during a war" is military advice for all time, or at least till wars are gone. It is also advice not merely for rulers and generals, but for nations, especially democracies. It is advice that our present enemies never forgot for a minute during more than a century while we forgot it for years at a time. It is true that Clausewitz wrote "Principles of War" at a time when a state of war seemed almost normal, and that he himself chiefly remembered years of war. But it is the duty of military men always to remember the years of war and constantly to assume that new wars may come, no matter how long the periods of peace may run. And so long as it is plain that ideas of war can flourish anywhere, it is likewise an obligation upon democracies, to themselves and to the world, to maintain their own armed strength in order to fight as need be for their whole meaning in the world.

But Clausewitz, we remember, was a military forbear of the generals now leading the vast anti-democratic armies of our strongest enemy. His works have had a deep influence upon all German military development. What is there, then, in "Principles of War" that indicates a German militaristic, world-conquering turn of mind? And does it contain any seed of a thought that may one day tower so mightily that its shadow is cast across the world? There are three passages that I think do hold at least the beginnings of such thoughts. Here, for one, is the thought of total war:

> The first and most important rule to observe . . . is to use our entire forces with the utmost energy. *Any moderation shown* [my italics] *would leave us short of our aim.* Even with everything in our favor we should be unwise not to make the greatest effort in order to make the result perfectly certain. For such effort can never produce negative results. *Suppose the country suffers greatly from this, no lasting disadvantage will arise; for the greater the effort, the sooner the suffering will cease.*

And here is a hint of the undying militaristic attitude, the thought that will mean a Third World War if the United Nations do not fully settle the war we are fighting now:

> Even under the most favorable circumstances and with greatest moral and physical superiority, the aggressor should foresee a possibility of great disaster.

It is not a far stretch from this caution to planning for recuperation and later aggression.

And on his last page, Clausewitz says,

> A powerful emotion must stimulate the great ability of a military leader, whether it be *ambition* as in Caesar, *hatred of the enemy* as in Hannibal, or the *pride in a glorious defeat,* as in Frederick the Great.

These choices of emotion can be taken as an epitome of German militarism for the past two hundred years.

**Field Manual 100-5, Field Service Regulations: Operations.*

This Week

Reviews

PAGE

A Study of War
By Quincy Wright
An essay review by Ellsworth Huntington 3

Principles of War
By Gen. Carl Von Clausewitz
An essay review by Lt.-Col. Joseph I. Greene 3

The Age of Enterprise
By Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller
An essay review by Joseph Hergesheimer 5

Memories of Happy Days
By Julian Green
Reviewed by Rosemary Benét 7

Look to the Mountain
By LeGrand Cannon, Jr.
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 8

Lights in the Valley
By Maxwell Bodenheim

The Poet in Blue Minor
By Selwyn S. Schwartz
Reviewed by Dudley Fitts 13

Innocent Merriment
Selected by Franklin P. Adams
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 13

The Mad Forties
By Grace Adams and Edward Hutter
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott 14

This Is My Best
Edited by Whit Burnett
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones 14

The Turning Point
By Klaus Mann
Reviewed by Leo Lania 15

Departments

Your Literary I.Q. 6

Editorial 10

Letters to the Editor 12

Trade Winds
By Bennett Cerf 16

The Phoenix Nest
By William Rose Benét 20

Double-Crostics: No. 450 23

Double-Crostics Club 23

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The Life and Times of American Business

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE inexact announcement, on the jacket of "The Age of Enterprise,"* that it is a social history of industrial America should not discourage the reader prepared for less than a utopia and more than academic hijacking. A further, undeserved, assertion that it relates to "our cultural life" can be ignored. Fortunately, a work of some 350 pages, it is neither so presumptuous nor diffuse. In plain words "The Age of Enterprise" is the best single-volume account of fundamental United States history, the history of business, available to the public in terms of simplicity, precision, and commonsense.

To that remarkable degree its authors, Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller, are justified in the contention that they have written "a new interpretation" of the United States. They have, additionally, explained that "The Age of Enterprise" was largely drawn from secondary sources; a fact, in view of the store and validity of their materials, that puts it practically beyond challenge. The subjective conclusions, the variously inspired purposes that almost invariably wreck such works are notable for their absence.

This is not, however, a wholly objective history, an attainment not only singular but actually undesirable: no historian is better than the sum of his knowledge, understanding, and character; he is, as well, made in the image of his race, condition, and times. Edward Gibbon would be inconceivable outside the eighteenth century, and who after Herodotus in the fifth century B. C. would account for universal warfare by the rape of Io from the shore at Argos? "The women were standing by the stern of the ship intent upon their purchases, when the Phoenicians, with a general shout, rushed upon them." And "Io herself was among the captives. Thus did Io pass into Egypt, according to the Persian story . . . and thus commenced, according to their authors, the series of outrages."

Nothing could be farther from the economic and political aims of the United States, the rise and fall of American businessmen; yet "The Persian Wars" and "The Age of Enterprise" are history in the same exemplary sense: the search for rightness and causality no more than interrupted since the beginning of thought. There is no effort, here, narrowly to define time; with a tentative eye on the probabilities.

It is an account, in any medium, of what has happened to races, tribes, empires, nations, even to significant nonentities—the painted relief at Karnak of Thutmosis III victorious on the Plain of Esdraelon is history, epigrams in the Palatine Anthology are history; so are the Lindisfarne Gospel and Last Judgment over the portal of Bourges Cathedral; the Assize of Clarendon, Mercator's projection, the tea dust porcelains of Ch'ien-lung, "Das Kapital," a Nantucket whaler's scrimshawing, together, naturally, with formal history's indispensable syntheses.

Actually a tentative eye to the probable is more exacting than that phrase suggests. The individual hope or malice, the darkness, of even the earliest records, are often illuminated by a contemporary opposition of similar qualities; the archaeological evidence and increasingly systematic, comparative, studies add to historical certainty. Every age is scholiast for the ages preceding it, a gloss of accumulated superstition and fact. Unhampered by dogmatics and current moral imperatives, by exigent patriotism, the virtues of history are the flaws of a human condition—the historian is obliged by the quintessence of his undertaking to face a rather more active disaster than oblivion.

—From the book

Especially now "The Age of Enterprise" is a triumph not only for historical method but in its bearing on the handsome illusion of a free people. It is a good book to have written, an invaluable book to read; the present reviewer, tritely, would like to see it in the hands of every literate United States citizen—a fancy not less nebulous than the theory of freedom itself. A goal, a support, and destiny for hope, shares perhaps the substance of fact; yet the privilege of liberty has been flatly declined through the whole evolution of civilization. Socially, biologically, and sensibly the individual prefers the applause and divided responsibility of his fellows. The truth is that he has no stomach, in his few and treacherous years, for a variety of loneliness, a spiritual isolation, resembling Robinson Crusoe's without a Man Friday.

THE colonial land association, the corporation, the trust, holding company, and private bank take their successive places in a world that is of simple ineptitude and "the larceny in the victim's soul" has been delivered to the servants, the inferior goods, of its well-being. No exceptional rascal, in "The Age of Enterprise," no political leader or financial wizard, is charged with the lapse of opportunity and representative government. Cochran and Miller make it plain that the commemorated little man, the anonymous investor, is the source of his own indignities.

The successful rascal, politician, or financier remains a composite example of the average man's impulses and satisfactions. His proliferation through a form of democracy is helpless to add any part of a cubit to his stature, the votes of a million thickheaded, greedy, or driven individuals in no degree better than the suffrage of one. The truth, of course, is that the little man is a generalization in particular use for the ends of industrial capital and government of, rather than by, the masses.

"The Age of Enterprise" is a pit for assumptions coldly designed to fire the emotions at the expense of decency and reason. Addressed to it a very modest comprehension may gather that the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States are not, resembling the tablets Moses brought down from the mountain, immutable. Nor should they be confused with Homer's fable late in the tenth century B. C. of Achaean heroes and gods. The Founding Fathers, vastly superior to average men, at the same time kept a shrewd eye on the main chance and sectional politics—even then the

*THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE. By Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller. New York: Macmillan Co. 1942. 394 pp. $3.50.

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special interests were rationalized into a doctrine of states rights. The present historians of a "business people" begin unimpeachably with a hypothetical frontier:

> Pushing west with American farmers and alien immigrants were salesmen, lawyers, bankers, speculators, teachers, preachers, mechanics . . . buying cabins and clearings, building ships, schools, churches, factories, boats . . . They directed the new settlers not westward to escape once again engulfing civilization, but eastward for the means to build new communities patterned after those they had left behind.

The Lancaster road, 1792, is followed by the turnpikes opening the trade between Savannah and Boston, that connected Philadelphia with Natchez. In 1825 the Erie Canal reduces freight rates, Albany to Buffalo, eighty-five per cent; and the Reed brothers, at Weymouth, Massachusetts, sell shoes in New Orleans—their business immense up and down the Mississippi River. The Boston Associates turn from shipping to textiles after Clay and Calhoun, with the Western vote, defeat Webster's shippers; factory girls at Dover protest a reduction in wage that already, $2.50 weekly, offers little hope "to lay up anything"; by 1851 salt manufacturers on the Great Kanawha had formed a joint-stock company to regulate price against foreign competition and rest until every saline bushel held by speculators was exhausted.

It is, however, in the account of late development and result that Cochran and Miller deserve the attentive regard of their countrymen. This is made easier by the fact, already pointed out, that no utopian postscript, no final cast of economic or moral loaded dice, subverts their premise—the effect of business on the United States. In the earliest settlements business, the tobacco of Virginia and codfish in New England, comes before safety, uprightness, and pleasure. Every other value and attainment is subject to the fascination and returns of trade; government and religion, rather than forgotten, are transformed into patriotic and pious agencies for material gain; the artisan, skillful labor, and moderation quickly lost in a scramble for the inconceivable riches of a continent lying virgin and open to the multitude of dispossessed.

The result is inevitable both in terms of human nature and the latent humanity natural to men—the disaster of a social *laissez-faire*.

The apotheosis of the little man, Cornelius Vanderbilt, moves with his plain-clothes detachment through "The Age of Enterprise," imperfectly guarded from the assault of investors in companies he had ruined cheaply to buy. Carnegie at Braddock's Field and Rockefeller immobilize the common man with unsecured common stock; the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, capitalized in the 1890's at eighteen and thirteen million dollars, Armour, Swift, Pillsbury, Havermeyer, and Weyeshauser obliterate the small business ventures of a national economy of smash and grab. Capital and labor unite for greater profits at the public expense; the staccato symphony of factory whistles and lullaby from a directors' meeting, the discords of a bear raid on the New York Stock Exchange, a dirge from cotton fields and the drums of war, the sweet persuasion of ordained customers' men ends with a disinterested requiem in the vault of a private bank.

PARADOXICALLY, it is established, the businessman's downfall results from the vast increase of national savings. Banks, insurance companies, and trusts are forced to discover or create new means for investment. But still following the American Way of "expansion and consoldation" they largely ignore the headlong advance, the matchless opportunities, of industrial and chemical processes. They turn from invention, from bold and free enterprise to the parvenu vision of "bigness." The abdication of an empire of business is specifically illustrated by Durant's "aid" from Lee Higginson and Company and J. and W. Seligman. "For a five-year loan of $15,000,000 General Motors paid the bankers $2,500,000 in cash and the equivalent of $4,000,000 in securities. The bankers also retained a first mortgage on the company's assets to secure this loan. And, perhaps more important, they insisted that Durant surrender leadership of the company to the bankers' trustees, who were to control its business for the duration of the loan."

Beginning a corporate hold to protect their investments the private bankers, drawing into their power and management all the nation's material resources, accumulate on the side preposterous personal fortunes by charges for loans to their own industrial corporations and for admitting borrowers to their financial setups. The fatal divorce of the businessman from accountability for his industry and good faith leaves him *in extremis* only lamented by the packaging concern and cuckoo-note of advertising.

Between 1898 and 1903 a sixty-five per cent decline of industrial prices in New York results in financial chaos. Morgan, faced by fixed charges, compensates bondholders for diminishing interest rates with gifts of stock—a momentary reduction of funded debt that expands capitalization beyond any chance of further assistance. Theodore Roosevelt's assertion that "this country needs a war" is reiterated by Beveridge, "we must obey our blood and occupy new markets." John Hay speaks of a "splendid little war." We got it.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Winslow Smith, of Waterville, Maine, invite you to identify these ten quotations about trees. Allowing 10 points if you can name either the poets or the poem, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. I think that I shall never see
   A poem lovely as a tree.
2. But the olives they were not blind to Him,
   The little gray leaves were kind to Him. . . .
3. So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
4. Under the greenwood tree
   Who loves to lie with me. . . .
5. Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
   Is hung with bloom along the bough. . . .
6. Like little girls at their first communion
   The pear trees stand.
7. Woodman, spare that tree!
   Touch not a single bough!
   In youth it sheltered me,
   And I'll protect it now.
8. Alas for him who never see
   The stars shine through his cypress trees!
9. The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
   And murmuring of innumerable bees.
10. Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom . . .?

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Before They Shackled Paris...

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS. By Julian Green. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

JULIAN GREEN'S autobiography is a delightful book. It is interesting from several points of view. Primarily it is a picture of life in Paris at the beginning of this century and one little boy's part in it. In his foreword, Mr. Green says that he wrote this book "as an affectionate tribute to the France I shall forever love and admire. . . . It occurred to me that I could best show what I owed to France by calling up the memories of all the happy days I had spent under her kindly and generous care." The French background is set down sensitively, carefully, and vividly. He recollects with nostalgia, never with bitterness. "Whatever my intentions were when I began my book I never wanted it to be a sad book." This is Julian Green's first book in English and he acquits himself of his new task admirably. To compare this with his French style may be comparing better with best but it shows in any case that he can write extremely well in two languages.

"Memories of Happy Days" begins at the beginning . . . with his birth in the autumn of 1900 in Paris in the rue Rhumkorff. "I did not like the name of the street which sounded like someone coughing." The book goes up to the time of his first assured success, "Adrienne Mesurat," and its selection in translation by the Book-of-the-Month Club as "The Closed Garden." The present volume is thus a forerunner of "Personal Record," which was an informal journal running from 1928 to 1938. It may surprise some readers to find that the account of his childhood is lively and even gay since so many of his books are in the opposite mood, set in shadow not in sunlight. But why suppose that an author who writes gloomy books has necessarily had a sombre childhood? Are not humorists traditionally supposed to be serious, sad men, and should not, therefore, the reverse be true as well? He speaks of his mother's "clear high-toned happy voice" echoing through the house and says "I was then as happy as a small boy can be." To be sure the moment after he regrets that "he could never again feel happy for the *first time.*"

The Green family was a spirited household. Of varying temperaments, they were nevertheless congenial. They were Southern and imported a touch of Confederate gayety to life in Passy thirty-five years ago. Even the furniture was a mixture of curved antebellum couches with more orthodox French designs. Julian remarks that the drawing room chairs looked as if they were about to get up in some curious way and waltz. This mixture of tastes ran through their ideas as well and some of the children spoke English best, while others preferred French. Both the parents were Southerners, the mother from Savannah, Georgia, and the father from Prince William County, Virginia. The father was special agent in Europe for the Southern Cotton Oil Company, which accounts for the long residence abroad. Julian and his five sisters were brought up on stories about life in Georgia. Still America seemed remote and he says he sometimes "wondered, in a dreamy sort of way, if it wasn't a place our mother had made up for our entertainment."

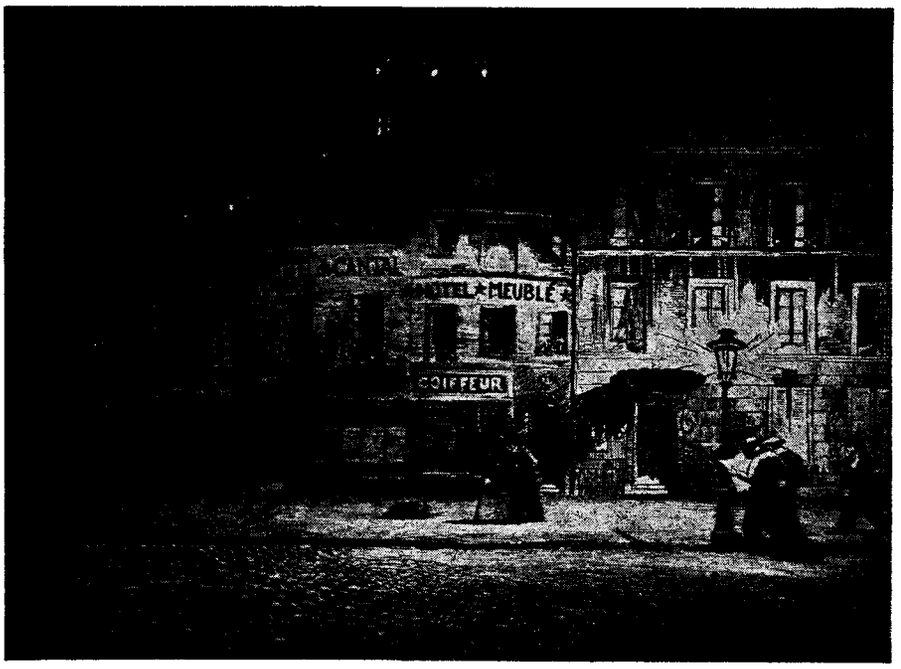
The imagination that was to be used later for creative writing was not dormant. There was a time when Julian was convinced that the Devil lived in his mother's clothes press and with awful shudders he would try to raise him, at the same time being terrified that he might be successful. He was, however, a naturally lively youngster. There is, for instance, an amusing account of the time he sat on his father's top hat in church. Julian was sensitive and subject to moods but the family wisely did not pay too much attention to this.

Summer holidays, school life at the lycêe, every day life at home all are recalled with affection and accuracy. Julian remembers the days when the Passy Bourse omnibus was drawn by two great thundering Percheron horses driven by a coachman who wore a dark blue coat and a shiny black hat. He regrets the passing of this splendid vehicle which disappeared from circulation around 1914. As he says sadly, "The Passy Bourse was one of the last remnants of the nineteenth century and with it went a great many of the more amiable aspects of life." Seeing it revived a few years ago for a day was disappointing. It looked small and unimpressive and not the same. Anyone who like Mr. Green has gone about Paris exploring with the Marquis de Rochegude's "excellent guide book" will find much that brings back the past.

The latter part of the book is more serious and tells for the first time of Mr. Green's experiences in the last war. His college years in this country brought problems in the adaptation to a new environment. Back in Paris, he struggled to find his true vocation, helped by his sympathetic father. He turned first to painting, and then later, with increasing confidence and sureness, to writing.

Although Julian Green's autobiography is full and frank in many ways, there is a certain reticence about it as well. This is undoubtedly part of the character of the author. For instance, we are told in the first chapters that Julian was not a Catholic, and that his father was a Presbyterian. Towards the end, we find that both are Catholics, with only a footnote as a clue that his father became a Catholic in 1915. Many readers will like and respect this reticence,—this keeping his inner life to himself.

Whether "Memories of Happy Days" is read as a picture of life in Paris or as the development of an artist, it will prove interesting and rewarding.



—From the drawing in "All Men Have Loved Thee: A Song of France," by J. C. Geyer.

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The Atmosphere of the 1760s

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN. By LeGrand Cannon, Jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1942. 547 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN this tale of pioneering life in the shadow of Mount Chocorua we have a book that is simple, vivid, and beautiful. It is partly idyl, and as such charming; partly realistic adventure story, and as such absorbing; partly historical romance, and as such impressive. Seldom do we find a transcript from the American past executed with so much sincerity, clarity, and delicacy. The novel seems rather one of present-day life than of the past, so fresh and powerful is the imagination put into it; it has the direct truth that we usually ascribe to personal observation. Mr. Cannon has projected before us the realities of human personality, of far-off modes in speech, dress, and outlook, and of a long-vanished wilderness. We say as we lay the book down: "This surely is as it happened; this is what the Merrimac Valley was like; this is the atmosphere of the 1760s."

To begin with, Mr. Cannon has achieved a genuine feat of creation in his major characters. Not in some of his minor figures; a decidedly stagey Portygee blacksmith plays a conventional role as the thwarted villain who in the climax becomes a magnanimous hero. But the youth Whit Livingston and the girl Melissa Butler, with their unlettered integrity, their rash courage, and their single-minded desire to unite in hewing a home out of the chilly woods, are depicted with rich and convincing vitality. They are not sentimentalized — "What I am is a farmer done some trappin' in winter," says Whit; they are just wholesome, dependable, impulsive, and most ruggedly independent people, confident in their ability to take axe, blanket, and pans into a raw country and establish a family; tough enough, too, to carry the enterprise through. "You don't need a great deal," as Whit says. "They give you your land and they throw in a cow. You need a few quarts of Indian to plant when you've girdled. You don't need nothin' else I haven't got." Their wilderness neighbors, Jonas Moore and his wife, are just as sincerely drawn. Whit and Melissa figure in a Crusoe story, two unarmed people against the woods, the weather, poverty, and wild beasts; but we believe in them and we know they will triumph.

In the second place, Mr. Cannon has vividly realized the thousand details of his Crusoe tale. In the first twenty pages his mastery of physical setting is established; the hayfield, the loutish farmhands, the rum-selling tavern, the forge, the little settlement, the tools and weapons. Step by step, as Whit and Melissa join hands and move north to the mountain country, he maintains

—*Courtesy A. Burton Street*
LeGrand Cannon, Jr.

this mastery. He knows precisely what happens at a mowing-match. He knows how a pioneering farmer spies out the land, looking for intervale, water, hardwood forest, leaf-mould, and clay-pit, and looking for them in the right juxtaposition. He knows how a lonely woman on the frontier treats another lonely woman. He knows just how two men set about building a log house with a four-foot chimbly, what happens when a loaded canoe strikes a submerged log in swift midstream; what wilderness midwifery is like; what are the steps by which a wild country gradually fills up and becomes tamed. About his knowledge there is no smell of the study—it comes from genuine outdoor experience, combined with the arduous and careful projection of a thoughtful mind and a strong imagination into the past. It extends to trifles; to the way a porcupine is gutted, and the way a sledge is built without nail or peg. Mr. Cannon knows, too, what pioneering folk think about, and how pithily and saltily they express their thoughts.

And in the third place, Mr. Cannon is an admirable storyteller. His book is slight; too slight, perhaps, to be rated a work of the first rank. It is without much complexity of action, variety of characters, or breadth of background. The pace of the narrative is slow. But from the moment Whit sets off to find his new homestead between Saco River and Winnipesaukee the reader turns page after page with unflagging interest. One well-contrived episode follows another; but the central theme that holds the attention is the display of basic human virtues — love, courage, thrift, enterprise; virtues that create another little family cell in a great and hopeful commonwealth. Compared with this theme, the Revolution itself seems episodic. One of the later chapters gives us a glimpse of the defeat of the Hessians at Bennington; but Whit regarded that battle as a transient and unimportant interruption of his true business in life. Perhaps the finest praise is to say that this book warms the heart and cheers the spirit.

The Secret Flower

By Edith Warner Johnson

WHEN a living branch thrust deftly through
A crevice in his fortress wall,
Dangling its wan and ghostly blooms,
He knew the citadel must fall.

His lonely tower inpregnable
To savage storms could not withstand
The tortured twistings of the bough,
The beckoning of its subtle hand.

Faint incense rising from the flowers
Stirred echoes of the urgent earth,
Of blossoms snowing everywhere,
Spring trembling with tumultuous birth.

He heard the voice of water flowing,
And saw again the scarlet gleam
Of autumn's doomed and langorous leaves
Ashimmer on a darkling stream.

Aghast, he knew the fortress fallen—
The wall erected stone on stone,
Shaken by an intruding flower
Before his eyes lay overthrown.

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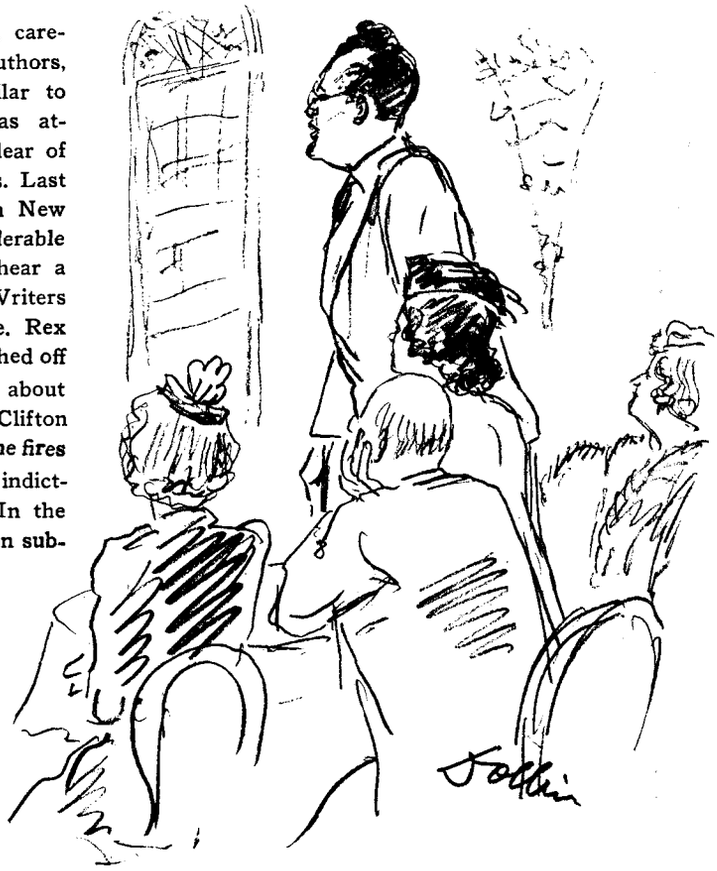
The P. E. N. Hears A Report from the W. W. B.

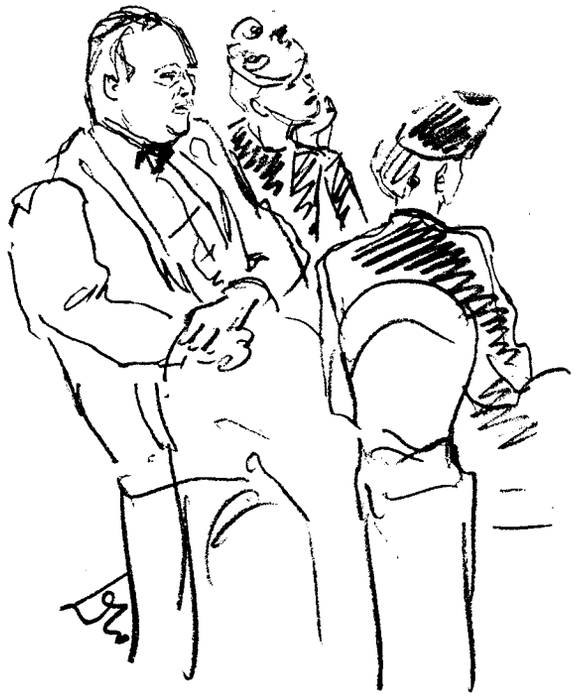
Split-second Sketches by B. Dolbin of Speakers at the Dinner Meeting of the P.E.N. Club, Oct. 28, 1942

THE P.E.N. Club is a compact, carefully governed organization of authors, editors, and publishers. It is similar to other professional groups and has attempted for many years to steer clear of political and controversial questions. Last week, at the Hotel Ambassador in New York, the lid was lifted with considerable emphasis. The members came to hear a report on the activities of the Writers War Board and remained to argue. Rex Stout, president of the W.W.B., touched off a running debate when he talked about the need for a propaganda of hate. Clifton Fadiman, also of the W.W.B., kept the fires going when he drew a sweeping indictment against the German people. In the midst of all this, Ben Lucien Burman submitted a resolution strongly disapproving the letter by the editors of Life to the British people—and the resolution passed by a good majority. Otherwise the meeting passed without incident. The sketches on this page are by the famed European artist, B. Dolbin.



Rex Stout: "There are atrocities in this war—plenty of them—but too many people think that they are mere inventions. I've seen the factual evidence and the sooner we become realistic about what is going on, the better."

Clifton Fadiman: "The murder of Lidice is a promise that everyone in this room will die if Germany wins. . . . The only way to make a German understand is to kill him, and even then he doesn't get the point."



☆

Manuel Komroff (left): "We have been trying—and with a fair measure of success—to enlist the aid of the exiled writer in America, as well as to be of some help to him."

☆

Carl Carmer (right): "Up in Canada, they needed bombardiers for the Air Force. We got Paul Gallico to do a yarn on bombardiers and for a month Canada got almost nothing except bombardiers!"

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OPEN LETTER TO CLIFTON FADIMAN

Dear Mr. Fadiman:

I know full well you didn't mean what you said at the meeting of the P.E.N. last night; in fact, in the heat of argument last night a lot of people said things they never believed and never will. Still, you did touch off a fuse that resulted in the biggest forensic explosion the P.E.N. Club has ever felt. I am not going to criticize you for creating that explosion, because you brought more life to the P.E.N. than it has seen in years (although I do think you ought to be a little more careful in what you say in public, however great the provocation). But you unwittingly and unintentionally played into the hands of a school of thought that seems to be gaining ground in the last few months, a school of thought representing a great potential danger.

Let us see what that school of thought represents. It represents, to begin with, the idea that all Germans are alike, that there is something in the physiological makeup of the German people that prevents them from living as civilized human beings. Some otherwise learned individuals have even propounded in all seriousness the theory that the German cranium is different from the craniums of other peoples, and that we are dealing here with a strange human species representing a problem that can be solved only by outright extermination.

According to the same idea, militarism and barbarism are boiling in the blood of every German, and have been boiling there for two thousand years.

This, then, is an indictment against a whole people and the whole of their history, regarding the Germans as an entity. In short, it is the same preposterous argument of racialism unleashed by the Nazis, applied to the Germans themselves. This may be considered poetic justice, but the general theory is as preposterous when turned in one direction as in another. Regarding any people as an entity is dangerous. I am reminded of that astounding article by Mr. Albert Jay Nock in the *Atlantic Monthly* about a year ago. Mr. Nock demonstrated a unique kind of ouijaboard anthropology in his pontifications upon racial theories. He proclaimed it was impossible for Jews and Gentiles ever to get together or understand each other because there was, seemingly, a chemical antagonism between the two. Nock used a geographical term — Oriental — and arbitrarily pinned it on all Jews; then he took another geographical term—Occidental—and arbitrarily pinned it upon all Gentiles. No one apparently told him that even the Germans came from the Orient—using the Orient in the same incorrect sense as he had. Geography, religion, prejudice—with the emphasis upon the latter—got all tangled up and Albert Jay Nock along with them. He was trying to argue problems of anthropology but never once was that science involved in his story. All that counted apparently was that Mr. Nock was able to construct his two incredible entities and array them against each other.

This nonsense we are hearing today about the German people as an entity is the Nock argument pointed in a different direction. Of course, there are big, black blotches in Germany's history—long, ugly stretches of mass cruelty and barbarism. But there are also some pretty fair stretches. When you think of Goethe, Heine, Beethoven, Luther, Schiller, Fichte, Schurz, Maeterlinck, the Manns, Feuchtwanger, Zweig, Werfel, and countless others, you find it hard to think of fire-eating, rip-snorting militarists. People just don't turn ferocious or militaristic because it is in their blood. The Spartans were originally among the most creative and poetic of Greek peoples, but they lived inland, and squabbles over border rights lead to militarism. So they developed what we know as the Spartan tradition. But militarism wasn't a matter of blood with them anymore than it is a matter of blood with anyone else, including the Germans, unless you are to say that the blood theorists—those nuts who claim biological distinctions to favor their own politics—are correct. Certainly, no people are all black, anymore than we are all white. In fact, one of the troubles with this black-and-white business is that it hurts us even more than it does the enemy. It leads to the same superiority complex, the same untouchable complex that has brought misery to so many millions all over the world. This complex will be a deadly suction upon our ability to rebuild a world that will have room for men of good will and for the spirit of free and scientific enquiry, without which civilized progress is not only unlikely but impossible.

It is natural enough, under the strain of war and the fever war generates, to grasp at any doctrine leveled against the enemy. But let us at least recognize the danger of thinking we are erecting a battering ram against the enemy only to discover we have fashioned a full-length mirror. The size of our democracy will be measured not only by what we say now but what we do now, no less than what we said and did eighty years ago and one hundred and sixty years ago.

Please don't think I am putting you in the position of not believing this just as much as I do. In fact, I have said nothing you wouldn't say yourself and say much better. But I did want to call you to account for your carelessness in allowing yourself to be identified, in the heat of argument, with a school of thought to which you do not belong, and which you couldn't get into if you tried.

N. C.

The Unfulfilling Brightnesses

By Kenneth Patchen

THY servant I am
Immortal are thy lion-drunk deeps

As a flower thinks
So am I one with thee

Thou art my acquaintance
In the unlevel light

I am falling to sleep
In thy slaying forms

Where goeth the white wind
I have been
And believe

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"For Thev Are England"

BY WALTER O'HEARN

"For we are the people of England, who never have spoken yet—
Smile at us, pay us, pass us, but do not quite forget."

—G. K. CHESTERTON

THESE are the last men
Who stand between us and a shapeless doom,
These are the little men who cannot die
Because they are so many millions strong.
These our defenders, stunted, gnarled and strong;
These are the life stream, having little but life
And giving what they have. They are the same
Who stood beneath another English sun
And fought Duke William's Knights. The bowmen they
Who swarmed at Crecy when the knights fell back
Dealt chivalry its death blow with their staves.
These are the very men, the little men
Eternal men-at-arms of England.

Last night dark shadows blotted out the sky,
Last night some heedless alien dropped from high,
Dropped on the Norman church of St. Michel
His own dark blessing. Down the fragments fell
On a crusader's tomb. The noble lord
Gave little heed although his marble sword
Was broken and his visor grimed with dust.
He can endure it, as indeed he must.

But these are the last men, the enduring men,
These are the men who, gnomelike, from the mines
Hard handed from the fields, shop-worn, lathe-turned,
These are the men who ever and once again
Grumble and cheer and swear their common oaths
And stand their ground for God and England.

Like a dark stain across a picture book
Blotting the colors out, or like a brook
Defiled, across the England of the shires
Hunt breakfast, cubbing, of cathedral spires,
Of Beecham concerts at the Albert Hall
Pink book clubs and the Coronation Ball.
Of Ascot and the garrison Gymkhana
And all that pleasant other-world Nirvana
Falls the dark shadow of the new misrule.
The pleasant pageantry of church and school
Varnishing Day at the academy,
Boats on the river, pomp and bended knee
And Coward openings, artistic schisms
The bright young people flirting with new isms.
These all have had their day, nor was it right
That darkness should fall on it like a blight.
But he who knocks at freedom will not wait,
So pageantry must arm and risk its fate.

But these are the last men, the little men;
These are the men who yesterdays ago
Stood and watched cup-ties, bet in football pools,
Played darts and studied racing forms, the men
With tripes beneath their belts, oniony breath,
The common little men of fish and chips
To whom cinema was luxury.
Men from the smoke-filled, sooty little towns
Who stood in queues and grumbled at the table.
These are the men, the common little men,
Who bawled hymns to their Chapel Deity
(and who shall say He was not pleased with them?)
And here are poachers and here are draper's clerks,
Wheelwrights and joiners and fishmongers' men,
Gamekeepers, navvies, hawkers, felons even,
Men of all trades and none, masters and men,
Soft voiced and slow, and others sharp like blades,
But in their eyes the hope of England,
And on their brows the stamp of England.
And in their hearts the strength of England.
Let the invader reading it beware,
'Ware the slow anger of the Englishman,
And having roused it, risk it if he dare.

On Dunkerque's last day the young squire died,
We saw him as we went out with the tide.
And knights of a new order mount the skies,
Smite the invader, snatch from him the prize.
Down plummets he who last night out of hell
Dropped ruin on the Church of St. Michel
And now is buried a matter of yards away
From the crusader's long-forgotten clay.
The young knights ride on to their rendezvous,
"So much owed by so many to so few."
No one can better these new champions hail
For by their deeds all other words grow pale.

But our talk is of the little men, the last men,
Who in a last unlikely reckoning
Would on the shores and rooftops, in the streets
And in dark lanes defend their England.
For these are the bowmen who broke chivalry,
These are the men who sailed with Francis Drake,
They are the men who wear the star of Mons,
These are the men who, with no playing fields
Behind them, stood their ground at Waterloo.
They are the men who always, in the end,
After the muddle was done and the work begun,
After the talk was done and the show turned real,
Stood and saved England—and will save it now,
For they are England!

—Drawing by S. R. Jones, from "English Villages and Hamlets."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Bendiner Replies

SIR:—Since when does the venting of spleen, unilluminated by either intelligence or the faintest pretense at argument, constitute the reviewing of a book? I appreciate your attempt to balance Jay Franklin's remarks concerning "The Riddle of the State Department" by the generous comments of Roger Baldwin on the same page of your issue of October 24, but I cannot begin to understand what dictated the acceptance of Franklin's contribution in the first place. Surely you could have found an opposition critic capable of the ordinary decencies. Unlike Mr. Franklin, I offer a bill of particulars.

Leading off with the observation that my book is "a strange bouillabaisse of rumor, guess-work, prejudice, misconstruction, distortion, some reportage, and a lot of irrelevant narrative," Mr. Franklin suggests a comparison with the Japanese diplomatic note characterized by Hull as "crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions." Five paragraphs follow in which no falsehood is cited, nor any single inaccuracy, distortion, or misconstruction. There is literally nothing in the review but abuse and a curiously aimless carping.

When my critic gets down to cases he complains, for example, that the part of the book which is devoted to the record of American appeasement is called "The Record" and that it is written "with the awful clairvoyance of hindsight." Now, clairvoyance, whether of hindsight or foresight, at least implies clarity of vision, which hardly squares with the charge of distortion. And why is my analysis of American appeasement a tissue of falsehood and prejudice? Because, writes Mr. Franklin, "Nowhere does he (the author) set down the unanswerable 'appeasement' of the Soviet Union's 'realistic' diplomacy, which made Russia an ally of Hitler's up to the moment when the German attacked." It hardly matters that I was a thorough-going opponent of the Soviet Union's appeasement, both in private and in print, because Russian appeasement happens to have precisely nothing to do with the subject of my book and certainly wouldn't justify American appeasement in any event. Yet Mr. Franklin has the effrontery to speak of "irrelevant narrative."

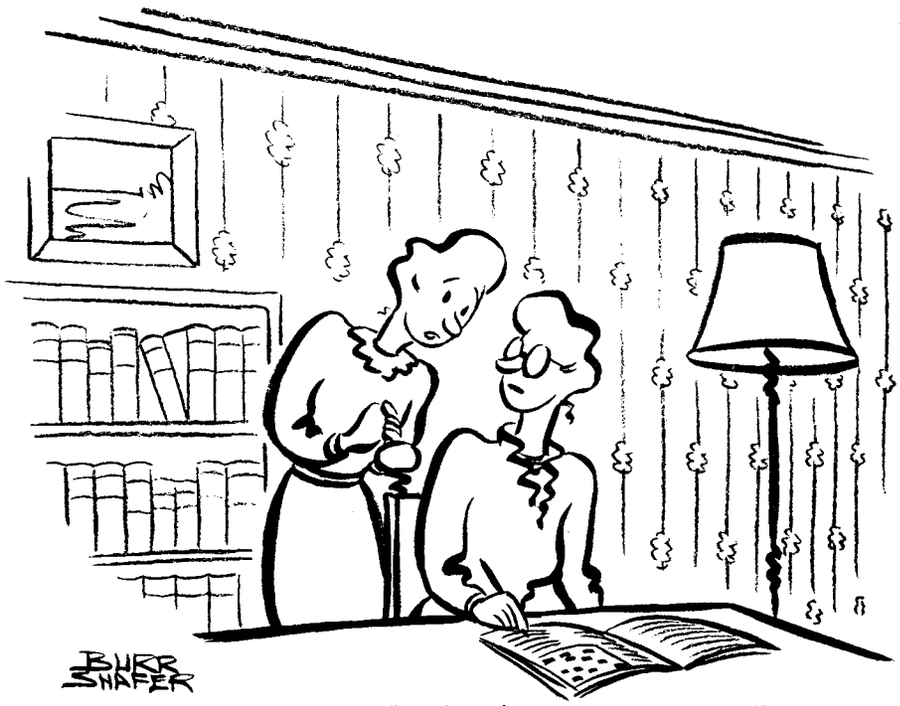
Similarly my critic devotes a whole paragraph to my "nerve" in rejecting the pretense that the record half of the book is a history of the foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration. Would he prefer to have had me suggest that a subject about which volumes could be written had been adequately set forth in 105 pages? Is this foolish querulousness seriously offered as criticism?

The balance of the "review" is in kind, including the vapid reference to "Mr. Bendiner's Soviet Union." But what I would particularly like to understand is the meaning of the last paragraph. "This is a grudge fight," says Mr. Franklin, bewailing the trees that have been felled "for this purely private purpose." I demand to know of your reviewer just what "purpose" I have in criticizing the policies of the State Department which is not shared by millions of other Americans.

ROBERT BENDINER.

New York, N. Y.

[*The review in question was part of a pro and con treatment of the book, in which each side received equal prominence.*—Editor's Note.]



"Oh, I don't believe *The Saturday Review* would use a word like that in their Double-Crostics."

P.E.G. Q. to the Rescue

SIR:—☞Is Mr. Schlesinger trying to chaff someone? The lines he mentions [Letter to Editor, *SRL, Oct.* 17] are among the most familiar in Longfellow.☞See, as he should have done first of all, BARTLETT, p. 434.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

New York, N. Y.

[*Shades of Stanley Safian! Only* 746 *readers correctly identified the mysterious passage.*—Editor's Note.]

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—Some years ago, a friend informed me that Thomas Gray wrote three verses for his "Elegy" which were given by him to a Mr. or Mrs. James Lynah of South Carolina, and which have remained unpublished to this date. My friend gave me a copy of these verses, and I repeat them here as follows:

"Hark! How the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease
In still small accents whispering from the ground
In grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Him have we seen the greenwood side along
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft, as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found,
The red breast loves to build and warble there
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

A similar case occurs with John Howard Payne in "Home Sweet Home." One manuscript of the words of the song in his writing contains two additional verses not included in any other MS.

L. MCCORMICK-GOODHART.

Silver Spring, Maryland.

On with the Holmes

SIR:—I fully agree with Mr. Smith when he says that the new Sherlock Holmes story ought to be published. If a play of Shakespeare's was found that had never before been printed would the fact that it wasn't quite as good as all the others prevent its publication?

(Miss) ELIZABETH FICHMAN.

New Orleans, La.

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Putting the Verve into Verse

INNNOCENT MERRIMENT. An Anthology of Light Verse. Selected by Franklin P. Adams ("F. P. A."). New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 523 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONE of the benefits of growing old is that you cease to take yourself or anyone else too seriously. You know you're all a rather decent lot of boobs, though some may seem smarter than others. Poets are not only proverbially serious, sometimes they are actually too damn serious. Of late years a good many of them have, in addition to this, become addicted to a sort of double-talk. It sounds like something, but you can't make out just what it means. However, in England first, and then in our own dear country, from the days of David Humphreys who wrote about the monkey who shaved himself and his friends, and who went to Paris as Secretary to the Legation under Franklin and Adams (though not under Franklin Pierce!) to the time, say, of "A Little Book of American Humorous Verse," compiled by T. A. Daly, we have fortunately been addicted to the lighter vein. In our own day the man whose slightly Voltairean, slightly Mephistophelian countenance decorates the rear inside flap of "Innocent Merriment" has seen to it that that lighter vein in verse be neither neglected nor high-hatted by the career-boys of poetry. And a good job too!

Franklin P. Adams is an authority on rhyme and metre. He is also one with an encyclopedic knowledge of what has been done in poetry. As for his sense of humor, he appreciates the carols of J. C. Squire's "Ballade of Soporific Absorption," and that deathless couplet by the young John A. Holmes when he opined:

> It makes me sweat at every pore
> To read Rabindranath Tagore.
> Enuf sed.

"Innocent Merriment" is a hefty vol., but not too hefty. I have found that you can hold it comfortably on your knees in bed. And the blushful Hippocrene is here all right. You get the pure lyric in Will Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine," and the quintessence of social criticism in the following by Sarah N. Cleghorn:

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see the men at play.

I am glad that the compiler has included his own "A Garland of Recital Programs," because I so admire the "freely translated song. Usually from the Lithuanian or the Brazilian." It goes thus:

> Oh, the beautiful maiden has gone away.
> What shall I do?
> What shall I do?
> She has vanished,
> She is here no more,
> She has departed,
> I am sad-hearted.
> She is gone away.
> What shall I do?

I have always wondered why translated songs needed to be so majestic in their banality.

Maybe because I'm old, also, I like very much Wallace Irwin's "Song for a Cracked Voice," but then that can't be true, because I liked it the first time I read it, which was easily over thirty years ago. But I am not going to betray the contents of this highly salubrious volume any further. Here are burlesque, parody, nonsense rhyme, and satire; translation, paraphrase, and song and story. They come at a good time. If you can't get a lot of enjoyment out of "Innocent Merriment," you ought to have either your head or your glands examined. I want this book to be widely distributed—so that is my reviewer's idea of high-pressure salesmanship!

F. P. A.

Report on Two Poets

LIGHTS IN THE VALLEY. By Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Harbinger House. 1942. 58 *pp.* $1.50.

THE POET IN BLUE MINOR. By Selwyn S. Schwartz. Prairie City, Ill.: James A. Decker. 1942. 141 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THE best that I can find to say of Mr. Bodenheim's book is that its intention is good. He is honestly, if confusedly, moved by the tragedy of those who (to use his own words) "have been used—And crippled by the sneering few," and occasionally the intensity of his feeling informs his flat diction and limp versification with true vitality. Only occasionally, however. Most of the time he is content to deal with dead counters: instead of insight, instead of the "stiletto-sharp phrases" advertised by his publisher, he gives us the old, worn revolutionary tags: "the sneering few" is one of them; so are "the landlord's whips and guns," "Policemen, charging, smashed his wife," and "The battle-lines of conscience against greed." It's the formula of so much of the proletarian versifying of the '30s: 1 Downtrodden, 1 Boss, 1 Cossack, 1 Walk-out; add Jargon and stir feebly. That the situation is actual, the agonists "real," has no bearing either upon the strength of the verse or upon its power of communication. It remains a kind of verbal cartooning, stereotyped and lifeless.

Mr. Schwartz, hailed by David Daiches for the "highly individual flavor" of his work, has set himself the unrewarding task of rewriting the poems of E. E. Cummings. The *superficies* is all there: first personal pronoun in lower-case, typographical disintegration of words, one-way parentheses, and so on. What is *not* there, very definitely, is the least trace of Cummings's delicacy, wit, or élan. The language clucks, strains, stammers, postures. And it can be cute as all hell: "i kiss summer's native toes," sings Mr. Schwartz, "with every season." A pretty picture, is it not? And a typical one. "I am one. I am all," he deposeth further. "a continuous wind over oceans of yesterday.—I am one. I am all.—a sky shot full of stars, not one lasts."

Right. Not one.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 449)

A. A. MILNE:

NOT THAT IT MATTERS

(A WORD FOR AUTUMN)

Celery demands a pipe rather than a cigar. Yes, and it should be eaten alone, for it is the only food which one really wants to hear oneself eat. It crackles pleasantly in the mouth. Here's to October—and, waiter, some more celery!

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Fads and Follies in the Forties

THE MAD FORTIES. By Grace Adams and Edward Hutter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

IF the immaculately sane among us think they have been living in an age too given to cults and isms, let them read this chronicle of a decade that began just a hundred years ago. Our foibles are doubtless many and will, presumably, provoke plenty of mirth a century hence. It is quite possible that our descendants may see in them elements of comedy not dissimilar to those we see in the foibles of our ancestors. They can have their fun when the time occurs, as we have it now in examining this array of fads, follies, and frivolities that Miss Adams and Mr. Hutter have so gaily and so adroitly surveyed for our benefit. If we canot rise to the same heights of sheer idiocy, it is only our progeny who will be the poorer —or, would our rationalists say, the richer.

There was, for example, in 1840 the "water cure." The advance guard found it a most remarkable panacea. It banished all ailments from dropsy to melancholia. Just wrap yourself in a wet sheet and your woes disappeared. Or, if you were too busy to spare the time for a full cure, damp girdles buckled around your middle would do almost as well. Why pneumonia did not follow, we don't know. Perhaps it did. But the devotees of the water cure soon turned to other fascinating pursuits, particularly to phrenology which in the hands of the learned became a science of magnificent proportions. Politicians and clergymen found its prophecies irresistible. Men made fortunes by feeling the bumps on other men's heads, and university presidents wrangled over the exact location of the Organ of Union for Life. It was bumps and bumps alone that set Henry Ward Beecher on his career. And then close on the heels of phrenology came Mesmerism. Hypnotic seers answered for the destinies of all who had faith. Spiritualism burgeoned; the Fox sisters knew ghosts who could outmaneuver Swedenborg. Fruitlands, Brook Farm, the whole esoteric fabric of New England transcendentalism, lent its support to the ideologies of the moment. Abolition, homeopathy, woman's rights all had their fanatical mouthpieces, usually the same who had been vociferous over phrenology and spiritualism. Intellectual confusion and an infatuation with whatever was new and experimental seemed to be normal with everybody except a few hard and independent sceptics like Edgar Allan Poe who just would not be taken in. Of course, the mysteries of sex came in for much attention. The elder Henry James was an enthusiast in that field. He even visited the Oneida community where he was considerably shocked.

The facts about all this intellectual and emotional upheaval of the eighteen-forties are not misquoted in this hilarious narrative. Of course they are presented with some inevitable distortion, since ridicule demands that kind of emphasis. The authors, however, have never let their sense of fun run away with their honesty. They have laughed at everything but their laughter is sympathetic and without malice.

Whit Burnett gave the authors the job of compiling a new anthology.

Their (93 Authors') Best Foot Forward

THIS IS MY BEST. Edited by Whit Burnett. New York: The Dial Press. 1942. 1180 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS is apparently a year of anthologies. Mr. Burnett, who modestly acknowledges that the idea for this anthology originated with John Pen, says he has put it together with the help of the public. The names of 169 representative authors were sent in ballot form to many readers of books and magazines; polls were taken among subscribers of the *Atlantic, Harper's,* and *The New Yorker;* ballots were sent to librarians, literary critics, and persons professionally connected with reading, writing, teaching, or publishing. The response he characterizes as "serious, intelligent, discriminating." The introduction does not say on what basis authors not included in the 93 were eliminated. T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein were unavailable because they are in Europe.

The authors being selected, the task of securing from them a choice of what they considered their finest, or at least their most representative, unit of writing suitable for inclusion was then before the editor. (It is not, I think, quite true that we have here "over 150 self-chosen and complete masterpieces," inasmuch as many authors selected chapters from novels.) In addition, Mr. Burnett asked the author to say why he thought the selection chosen to represent him was his best, or most representative, work. Despite this ambiguity, the writers have done very well. About 58 have explained at some length either the circumstances in which a work originated or the reason why they regard it as their most satisfactory production. The others content themselves with a sentence or two, or with a simple expression of choice, or with a choice made by somebody else.

Counting noses is not necessarily a means of determining literary worth, but the method pragmatically results in one of the most representative anthologies of the season. Mr. Burnett has interested himself in "writing," not in "literature," the result being that he has not cast out as unworthy of the muse people like Allan Nevins, John Dewey, or Stuart Chase. I am glad to see recognition given to the excellent prose of William L. Shirer, John Gunther, and Vincent Sheean. The representative quality of the volume is also increased by including the work of George Ade, Booth Tarkington, and Agnes Repplier. Perhaps the weakness of the book is a certain flaccidity in front of a poll of "favorites," but on the other hand I don't recall any other recent anthology that gives so inclusive a cross-section of the rich, varied, and contradictory writing of the last twenty or thirty years.

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25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Through a Son's Eyes

THE TURNING POINT. By Klaus Mann. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Corp. 1942. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEO LANIA

THE autobiography of Klaus is the story of a family, with all elements of an exciting psychological novel. Here you find the father, the great writer Thomas Mann, the Magician as the children call him —here you find Uncle Heinrich—he, too, a great writer. You cannot imagine greater contrasts than these two brothers, the sons of a senator of Lübeck and of a Brazilian mother. "They were closely akin to and yet infinitely different from each other. Their characters and visions seemed to be the utterly divergent variations of one basic theme. The *leitmotiv* both had in common and assiduously paraphrased, was the blend of races—in their case, the Northern element and the Latin streak—as a stimulus and a problem." The author of the "Magic Mountain" lived for the greater part of his life in the ivory tower of his art, was often denounced as conservative, even reactionary and "bourgeois," while brother Heinrich, the author of "The Subject," even as far back as 1914 prophesied and warned against the German catastrophe. During the whole First World War the two brothers did not see each other.

In the son's book you find also the mother, the daughter of an eminent Jewish scholar and of a gifted actress who descended from the intellectual élite of Berlin. You find uncles and aunts, unusual people with unnormal destines. And you find at last the hero of the book Klaus, disconnected, restless, wandering; "one who spent the best time of his life in a social and spiritual vacuum, striving for a true community but never finding it" and carrying the burden of being the gifted son of a great artist.

Klaus Mann proves his talent as a novelist once again in the first part of his autobiography. The portrait of the Mann family is excellent. Klaus Mann is at his best describing his childhood and the family life. Less successful are the chapters in which the author tries to give an interpretation of the political and social evolution of the period between the two wars and of the postwar generation. "Life in a social and spiritual vacuum" makes it difficult to gather all the knowledge and experiences necessary for an analysis and understanding of this complex time. And on the other hand, Klaus Mann's personality and life are too out-of-the-ordinary to be presented as a typical example of the German postwar generation.

The value and the interest of this book lies—besides the fascinating portrait of the Mann family—in the intimate impressions and memories of many celebrities who crossed the path of Klaus Mann during his wanderings through the whole world. Among these impressions I like two best: the portraits of André Gide and Jean Cocteau. Those are masterful. In others Klaus succeeded less well; they are too sketchy, too superficial. But to the last page Klaus Mann keeps the interest of the reader.

Klaus Mann

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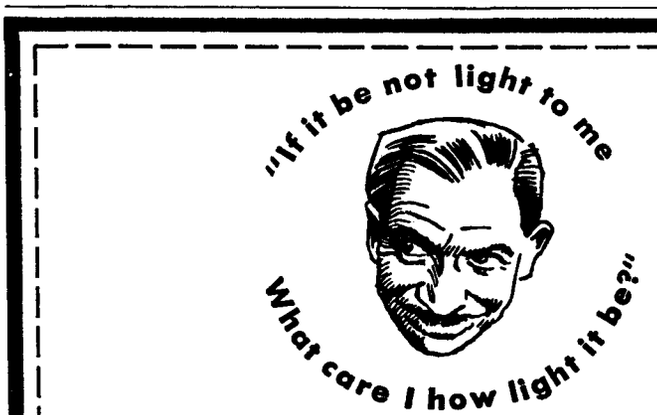

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TRADE Winds

FOR MANY YEARS THE COUNTRY'S leading publishers have been praying for new outlets. Heaven has sent them Bob De Graff of Pocket Books and Freeman "Doc" Lewis of Triangle and the New Home Library. Neither of them looks exactly like my preconceived notion of an angel, but, between them, they have persuaded the proprietors of almost fifteen thousand newsstands, stationery stores, subway kiosks, and chain stores to add a line of books to their stock in trade. The publishers' dream has come true, but actually they do not seem to be quite sure whether they like it or not. Certainly, the fools have failed to rush in where the angels didn't fear to tread!

This piece is reserved for the exploits of "Doc" Lewis. I'm going to keep De Graff on ice until I see how well he promotes that "Pocket Book of War Humor" that I've managed to mention, however unsubtly, in almost every Trade Winds in recent weeks. It's being published early in January, and it's going into thousands of book outlets that never even existed in the pre-De Graffaelite days. As a matter of fact, De Graff and Lewis are working hand in glove now. They have discovered that their markets do not conflict, and that they can publish the same titles simultaneously without affecting their own sales in the slightest degree.

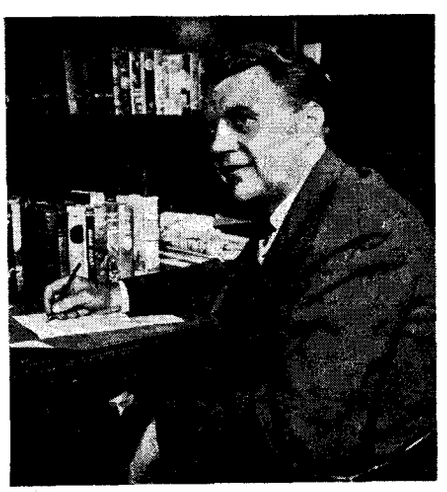
Freeman Lewis is a nephew of Sinclair Lewis; his father, in fact, was generally supposed to be the model for "Red" Lewis's greatest character, Dr. Arrowsmith. He graduated from Harvard in 1930, and made a beeline for the publishing business, purposely detouring Harcourt, who published his uncle at the time. He landed a job on his own as a salesman for John Day. Already dreams of expansion were rattling round his brain, and he sensed that the low-priced reprint market was destined to be his particular oyster. Lewis remembered Ex-Governor Al Smith's summary of the book market when his autobiography, "Up to Now," failed to make the best-seller lists some years ago. "We're doing the best we can," apologized his publisher. "We've planted copies in every bookstore in the country!" "Bookstores!" snorted the Governor. "Who the Hell goes to bookstores!" Lewis had visions of a line that would not be sold in bookstores at all, but that would be designed for the chain stores. Sixty per cent of these stores are located in cities of less than twenty-five thousand, where nine out of ten people closed their last book the same day they graduated from 8-B of P. S. 2.

In 1931, Lewis joined the staff of Blue Ribbon Books. In 1938, he persuaded Gene Reynal to launch Triangle Books, a 39c line, and laid siege to the chain-store magnates. Previous efforts of these stores to sell adult books had come to naught; only ten-cent books (mostly juveniles and Walt Disney specialties) had achieved the required turnover. Lewis managed to talk a few of the big chain-store buyers out of their apathy, and when they really got behind the Triangle line they found that they had discovered a gold mine.

In five years, he added three thousand new book outlets. Adult books show a larger percentage of increase in chain stores during that period than anything else in their inventory. When the books were raised from 39c to 49c, it took less than a year for the resultant drop in volume to be made up. And this is an interesting fact: two-thirds of the business comes from the small towns!

The biggest sellers in this 49c line were "Of Mice and Men," "The Good Earth," "Wuthering Heights," and "Reap the Wild Wind"—all stimulated, of course, by motion-picture versions. Ellery Queen and Kathleen Norris titles were always pushovers, and a little number called "Impatient Virgin" struck a most responsive note.

When Doubleday, Doran bought Blue Ribbon, Triangle Books—and "Doc" Lewis—were part of the deal. "Doc" soon found that Nelson Doubleday spoke his own language. Several months ago he marched into Nelson's office with a complete set of plans for a brand-new line of non-fiction, again aimed at the chain stores, that he proposed to call the New Home Library. The price was set at 69c this time, and "Doc" had forty titles all lined up before he tackled the boss. "How much will it cost to float the series?' asked Doubleday. "Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars," said "Doc," without batting an eye. "Go ahead," said Doubleday. The entire interview did not take five minutes. (*Now* do you begin to see what young and only moderately heeled newcomers are up against in the publishing industry today?)



Freeman Lewis, originator of the "New Home Library."

The general scheme of the New Home Library is a series of integrated books on self-education. No branch of the sciences or arts has been neglected in the basic program. The series caught on from the start. Reorders in the first fortnight totalled 80,000 copies; by the beginning of October, a million books were in the hands of the public. Roget's "Thesaurus" had the biggest advance sale, and is the best seller to date. Other popular titles are "Mathematics for Everyday Use," "How to Write Letters," and "Working with Tools for Fun and Profit." Lewis is working now on a 700-page encyclopedia of American Birds, and an Anthology of Literature edited by Somerset Maugham.

Last Fall there was talk of selling the Doubleday plant in Garden City to the Sperry Gyroscope Corporation. Nelson Doubleday is thanking his lucky stars that the deal fell through; today the plant is working on a twenty-four-hour basis to try to keep up with the flood of orders that Freeman Lewis is pouring into the hopper. Of all the galaxy of bright young men that have suddenly come to the fore in the Doubleday establishment, Lewis has enjoyed the most meteoric rise. Somebody once called the various book clubs "jobbers to the mail order business." By that criterion, Lewis is the jobber to the chain stores. Some day it won't surprise me if Sinclair Lewis walks into our office and proudly announces that "Freeman Lewis's uncle" has come to call . . .

PEG BYRNES, HEAD OF THE MAMMOTH Macy book department, recently was approached by a young lady who was seeking employment for the holiday season. After supplying all the usual information, she said that there was one question that *she* would like to ask. "What is it?" asked Miss Byrnes. "Tell me," said the young lady earnestly. "How do I get to be the buyer

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for this department?" . . . We have an elderly aunt whose literary taste runs generally to light romances and screen magazines. We were surprised, therefore, to find a copy of Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt" on her library table the other evening. "What do you think of this book?" we queried. "Oh, it's just so-so," she proclaimed, with a distinct trace of disapproval in her voice. "It's all about that Joseph in Egypt!" . . . Bemelman's new book is called "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," and Maurois has named his volume of memoirs, "I Remember, I Remember." This is either the beginning of a disturbing new trend, or a final vindication of Gertrude Stein. It reminds us of the young man who was reporting to his draft-board medico. "Shortly before my birth," he explained, "my mother and father had a terrific brawl, and Pa bounced a couple of Decca records over Ma's head. Now, ever since I learned to talk, I catch myself every once in a while repeating what I say, repeating what I say, repeating what I say." . . .

HENRY STADEN, SALESMAN FOR DUTton's, picked the wrong day to visit Kansas City. The buyers were all in the crowds that lined the streets to watch the American Legion cutting their annual capers. The Legion veterans are growing paunchier and grayer, but they still can raise a mighty ruction and will carry on until veterans from the present war swell their ranks into an avalanche. Staden, who actually enjoys books, was distressed by the turmoil, and retreated to a far corner of the Hotel Muehlebach bar with a biography under his arm. It was a Macmillan publication, the life story of John McGee, called "Sunward I've Climbed."

Staden buried his head in his book, and sipped his drink, unaware that anybody in that boisterous crowd was paying him heed. When he turned to a page, however, that contained McGee's thrilling sonnet, "High Flight," he felt a tap on his shoulder, and was confronted by a Captain of the United States Air Force.

"That's McGee's 'High Flight,' isn't it?" said the Captain pleasantly. "Maybe it will interest you to know that that poem was one of the factors that induced my pal Bill and me to enlist in the Air Force." Staden stood him to a scotch and soda. "The reason I'm in Kansas City," the Captain explained suddenly, "is that I'm bringing home Bill's body. He was killed in a crash in Oklahoma on Saturday. We had just been promoted to captaincies together."

Staden gave the book to the fallen pilot's mother. At the suggestion of the Captain, he inscribed it "To Bill's mother—from a guy who didn't know him, but knew what he stood for." . . .

A PERSONAL AD IN A RECENT ISSUE of the *SRL* read "Will store free your 1,000 books in my library." We tracked down the man who inserted it, and found out that he was a big advertising magnate who had just moved into a huge apartment that boasted a staggering number of book shelves; he thought that he had hit upon a wonderful way to stock them at a minimum of expense. Five days after the ad appeared, however, he was still waiting for somebody to snap at his offer. A lady who represented herself as his private press agent forbade us to mention his name; she suspected our motives—and how right she was! . . . Max Schuster's capsule summary of the new Untermeyer poetry anthology: "All the muse that's fit to print." . . . In his new direct mail circular on behalf of the Readers Club, George Macy has come out with a flat endorsement of sex. "There is a great deal to be said for sex." Those are George's words. Infinitely reassured, we called up our advertising agency and ordered a series of full-page advertisements for "Ideal Marriage." . . .

BENNETT CERF.

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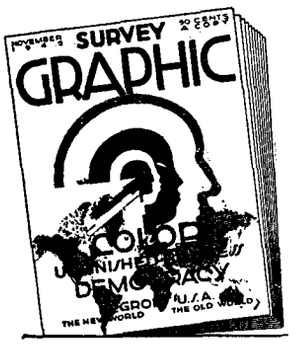

The distinguished contributors include Pearl Buck, Lin Yutang, Herbert Agar, K. O. Mbadiwe, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Jonathan Daniels, Syud Hossain, Alain Locke, Ezequiel Padilla, A. Phillip Randolph, Walter White.

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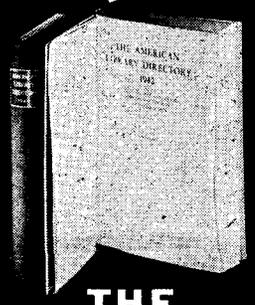

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THE ANATOMY OF MILITARY SCIENCE

(*Continued from page* 3)

to read it if they want to be well informed, and it is sure to have a marked effect upon their thinking.

"A Study of War" deals with three main topics. The first is the conditions which lead to war, together with the varying intensity of wars according to geographic and cultural conditions and the stage of civilization. The second is the general principles of international law, their development in respect to war, and the lines along which they can best develop in the future. The third is the League of Nations and its possible modifications. The three parts are closely intertwined, or rather the thread of international law, which is Professor Wright's specialty, runs through both the others. He feels that this is essential, but a good deal of it seems better fitted for a philosophical treatise designed for legal specialists than for a book on war designed for thoughtful people of varied interests. The other two parts, however, are highly practical. They are indispensable for anyone who is willing and able to dig down into the roots of human conduct and use the results in planning a world in which peace shall be the rule instead of the exception.

Some readers may say that peace is already the rule. The United States is certainly a peaceful nation. Nevertheless, this nation which has "prided itself on its peacefulness, has had only twenty years during its entire history when its army or navy has not been in active operation some days, somewhere." Or again, the full and accurate tables in one of the many appendixes show that in the first forty years of the present century there were 882 important battles in contrast to only 730 in the entire nineteenth century and 703 in the eighteenth. The United States took part in no less than fifty-eight of those of the nineteenth century. If we count battles of all sizes, there have probably been about 250,000 in the civilized world since 1500 A.D. We ourselves, in the first 165 years of the independence of the United States, engaged in seven major wars to say nothing of Tunisian pirates, Indian wars, expeditions to Latin America, and affairs such as the Boxer incident in China.

Nevertheless, the actual number of years during which the average country is at war is less now than formerly. But is this an advantage? Not in any real sense, for what is lost in the duration of war is more than made up by the growing intensity of war. The vastly mounting cost and the increased degree to which the whole population is now injured by war are evident to everyone, but how about actual deaths? "Taking all factors into consideration the proportion of deaths attributable to military service and to hostilities has probably increased among European countries from about two per cent in the seventeenth to about three per cent in the twentieth century." War also brings pestilence, famine, and other forms of misery. Therefore, incredible as it may seem, "probably at least ten per cent of deaths in modern civilization can be attributed directly or indirectly to war."

One of the most interesting phases of war is its varying character as a given type of civilization passes from birth to old age. In this part of his subject, Professor Wright makes effective use of the scheme of historic analysis elaborated by A. J. Toynbee in "A Study of History." These two books, by Toynbee and Wright respectively, are much alike in their amazing grasp of details and effective utilization of the work of hundreds of other people. Unfortunately they are also alike in being hard for the laymen to read. According to Toynbee's analysis, all history centers around the rise and fall of twenty-six civilizations. The Egyptian and Mesopotamian, for example, are the oldest, the Mayan developed independently in America, the classic included Greece and Rome, and our Western civilization, as well as the Russian, Chinese, and other types, though still in existence, are nearing their end. They are giving place to something new, namely a world civilization, such as was never possible until our modern days of rapid transportation and communication.

Each civilization passes through four stages, the "heroic age" of youth, the adolescent "time of troubles," the "universal state" of maturity and grandeur, and finally the "distintegration" of senescence. Each, according to Wright, has its own type of wars. In the heroic stage a civilization is just emerging from older civilizations or from barbarism. Its representatives fight with other groups which cling to older ideas, or oppose the rise of the new type. This kind of war occurred in Europe at the end of the Dark Ages before the days of Charlemagne. Franks, Goths, Angles, Germani, and other barbarians fought with one another, and with decaying

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Rome. These wars were not particularly destructive, and they seem to have played an important part in giving unity and form to the various groups which later became the nations of Europe. Through such wars, according to Wright, the nations which form the *dramatis personae* of a new civilization are integrated and acquire a definite character.

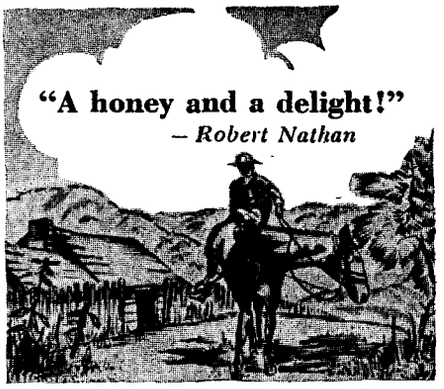
WHEN nations thus segregate themselves within a civilization, the "time of troubles" arises. The nations, being young, aggressive, and strong, fight vigorously with one another, as in the days of Charlemagne and his successors. In the next stage, maturity, a universal state arises in the sense that a single religion forms a bond which unites all the nations and gives them a feeling of oneness in spite of their different nationalities. Wars between nations continue, but wars of aggrandizement against other civilizations enter the picture, as is illustrated by the Crusades. Then comes senescence and decline, a period when a new civilization either evolves from the old one or is introduced from outside. These stages are characterized by different kinds of wars. One of the valuable features of "A Study of War" is extensive tables giving essential facts as to modern wars which belong to four significant categories. The "balance of power war" is a conflict between states which are members of the modern family of nations. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was of this kind. "Defensive war" is the sort that defends modern civilization against an alien culture, as in the case of the Ottoman wars of the sixteenth century. Such wars are very different from "civil wars," such as our War Between the States, or from "imperial wars," like those of the British in India.

For us the significant point is that today our old Western civilization, the kind produced in Europe and spread by Europeans to America and Australia, is about to perish. It is being replaced by a new world-civilization. The heroic youth of this new type is seen in the age of expansion that began with Columbus. Now the world-civilization is in its "time of troubles." The Western civilization, of which we have been so proud, is becoming more and more entangled with others centering in Russia, China, Japan, India, Iran, or Turkey, the Arab countries of western Asia and North Africa, and the orthodox countries of southeastern Europe. Thus in the broad world view, all of the eight modern civilizations are in the chaos of the adolescence of a new civilization which will displace all of them and embrace the entire world. This period in the life of a civilization is usually shorter than the other periods. In modern times changes occur so rapidly that perhaps it will be shorter than ever before.

Our great problem is to make the time of troubles as short as possible, and to devise means whereby the ensuing period of maturity may be as long, as peaceful, and as prosperous as possible. So we come to the problem of the reorganization of the world after the war. Here Wright takes a very definite stand as the result of a long and careful analysis. Having compared various methods of political and social organization, he concludes that the attitude conducive to peace is neither to deny the possibility of war, not to consider war inevitable, but to appraise the position in which we now stand in relation to the history of civilization. In a certain sense history does repeat itself. Nevertheless, new conditions produce situations which have never before been faced. The major new condition today is that at last the world has become so bound together technologically that no nation or continent can function alone.

THE problem is how to organize the world so that politically it is in harmony with modern technology. Professor Wright rejects the idea that mere balance of power will suffice. That has been tried, and it leads to war. The solution lies in something more than a league of nations. A federation is needed. In such a federation it is essential that regional interests be represented. Therefore within the limits of a central world organization some form of regional coöperation of nations is also needed. Another important principle is that the world organization should be so constituted that it has access to the individuals within nations, and that they have access to it. This is a point which has not been sufficiently discussed. The League of Nations had no direct connection with individuals. Therefore it meant little or nothing to practically everybody. A World Federation would mean much more if the people themselves voted for their representatives.

Another important point is that the secretariat of a new World Federation should have the power not only to find out the facts about international affairs, but to present them to the public in its own way by radio or otherwise without reference to the local national government. "The greatest weakness of the League Secretariat was its want of access by right to the public in all sections of the world . . . An effective world order requires that the findings of a central scientific agency, as well as the poli-



Cloud-Walking

By MARIE CAMPBELL

Introduction by Alice V. Keliher

SARY and Nelt were both cloud-walkers — their minds ran "a far piece off from things they had words to make talk about." Because they were, a new school house was ready for all the young-uns (the growed folks too) on their Kentucky mountain. Marie Campbell, who came up from the level country to teach these people, lived with them so intimately that she draws us to these friendly, natural Americans.

DON'T MISS READING THIS BOOK. "With a charm Miss Campbell traces the life pattern of these mountain folk who have been shut off from the world and have lived by their old-time ways. In them she found the dignity and kindness, the strength, the poetry and capacity for cloud-walking that have made America."— *Page Cooper,* N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS . . . *Stephen Vincent Benet* says it is "a curiously moving book. There is plenty of fun in it and yet the whole effect has a minor in it, like folk-music." . . . *Carl Carmer* says "this is the real thing; very beautiful, very simple, very sincere." . . . "It sings as it goes, but it is hard-hitting and exact in what it says, for all its soft rhythm." — *Graham Bates,* BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS. Illustrated by John A. Spelman, III. $2.50

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tical and legal findings of other world agencies be rapidly disseminated to the world-public."

The final conclusions of this outstanding book may be summed up in a few brief quotations:

> The analysis in this study suggests that the prevention of war involves simultaneous, general, and concerted attacks on educational, social, political and legal fronts. Policies directed toward a military balance of power, toward political and economic isolation of the great powers, or toward conquest of all by one give no promise of stability in the modern world. Policies directed toward these objectives are more likely to contribute to war than to prevent it. . . . .
>
> Aggressive states must be treated as sick or unsocial and brought back into normal life, unless the governments are proved to have committed acts of aggresstion, in which case international sanctions should apply, but so far as possible only against the government with the object of assisting the people to get rid of it. . . .

"A Study of War" is so full of valuable material that it is a pity that it is encumbered by great difficulties for the general reader. The huge number and volume of notes and appendixes are valuable for the scholar, but make the book hard to read. The injection of long philosophical passages which are of interest mainly to the specialist in international law has a similar effect. So does a constantly recurring tendency toward long sentences and the piling up of words of many syllables. The constant endeavor to see all sides of a question and state all opinions fairly is a good feature for the student, but it, too, makes the book hard to read and in certain respects not so convincing as it might be. It is therefore much to be hoped that Professor Wright may prepare a new book of only three or four hundred pages, in which he sets forth the gist of his ideas without attempting to show how and where he got them. Such a book, if written in readable style, would have a great effect upon the world after the war.

GOOD READING:

Concise Cambridge History of English Literature

by George Sampson $4.50

"Magnificent"—PHELPS

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The Phoenix Nest

Genesis

WHY did we call this column "The Phoenix Nest" anyway? Well, in the reign of Elizabeth came the Poetical Miscellanies. The first was Tottel's (1557), the second the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1576), the third "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," "builded up," by Thomas Proctor, the next "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," by Clement Robinson and others, which appeared in 1584 and appealed to Shakespeare—both for its merits and for its demerits—and then came in 1593 "The Phoenix Nest," "set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, gentleman." Thomas Lodge and Nicholas Breton were its principal poets. Our own original object in "The Phoenix Nest" (Twentieth Century Version) was to discuss and print poetry. Our present office is also to revive interest, in the name of the Phoenix, in certain works forgotten, certain excellencies fallen into limbo. Oh, we forgot to mention that in the year 1600 the original "Phoenix Nest" was followed by "England's Helicon," which contained Christopher Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd." Our own late co-editor, Christopher Morley, lays some claim to kinship with the Elizabethan immortal, but seems to us more related in song to that gentleman of the Royal Chapel, Thomas Morley, who wrote books of "Ballets," or songs set to music, to be accompanied with dancing. Master Michael Drayton himself introduced the first one, in 1595. This Morley's "Madrigals to Four Voices" published in 1600, contained "The Morrice Dance," which began,

> Ho! who comes here along with
> bagpiping and drumming?
> O! the Morrice 'tis I see, the morrice dance a-coming. . . .

which leads us easily to the remark that the present Christopher's morrice dance in prose, namely the novel "Thorofare," is being published by Harcourt, Brace, and its fore and second bells, treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass, are said to tintinnabulate delightfully, while within this Hobby-Horse the characteristic prose pranceth amain!

—Woodcut by Clare Leighton, from "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Pax Britannica!

In F. P. A.'s "Innocent Merriment," page 154, one "Maggie" authors "The Passionate Encyclopaedia Britannica Reader to His Love." It goes:

> As And to Aus and Aus to Bis;
> As Hus to Ita, and Ita to Kys;
> As Pay to Pol and Pol to Ree;
> Ah, that is how you are to me!
>
> As Bis to Cal, and Cal to Cha;
> As Edw to Eva, and Eva to Fra;
> As Ref to Sai, and Sai to Shu;
> That is, I hope, how I'm to you.

But in our youth our deep-dyed father taught us the backs of our own old leather-bound Britannica, some forty to fifty years ago. So here is a modern marriage song to that different tune:

> A — Ana — Ana — Ath,
> Greater love / no man hath!
> Ath — Boa — Bok — Can,
> I am still / your man.
> Can — Clee — Cly — Day,
> I love you / every way.
> Dea — Eld — Ela — Fak,
> If you leave me / come back!
> Fal — Fyz — G — Got,
> My love / is furnace-hot.
> Gou — Hip — Hir — Ind,
> It's not / Gone-With-The Wind.
> Inf — Kan — Kao — Lon,
> That you / can count upon!
> Lou — Mem — Men — Mos,
> I mean it / *of* co'se!
> Mot — Orm — Orn — Phit.
> You can / depend on *it.*
> Phy — Pro — Pru — Ros,
> Sauce for goose / sauce for *gosse!*
> Rot — Sia — Sib — So,
> Let us / through life go,
> T — Ups — Ura — Zym,
> Fifty-fifty / Her and Him!

A Kipling Dream

Ivan Swift, poet and painter of Detroit, Michigan, sends us a remarkable dream about Kipling, typed for his "book-opinions." He calls it "In Defence of Kipling." We have enjoyed it greatly, so here it is. Why doesn't someone do a modern dream-book of actual dreams by famous people? Thus Ivan Swift:

> Falling asleep between 5 and 7 A.M. the first day of Lent, 1939, I was confronted by another of those occasional dreams remembered when awake or half awake, and given to vanishing soon if not recorded for review. In these records I play fair, in fact they are worth writing only as literal transcripts. Any one could write what *purports* to be an actual dream, but I'm convinced there is something for science and investigation in a literal, faithful slumber-experience, whether rational and orderly or nebulous and confused. I take them down as they come, in

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the most candid confession, as though, almost, I were "taking my own portrait," photostatic, with no one to tell me how to tilt my chin!

In this brief dream I was plainly trying to make sketches from the middle of a road before heavy traffic began for the day, tho' I was apparently surrounded on three sides by dense woods—fading to vignette and deckle-edge.

To secure myself from interruption I had set up a field-compass, on a tripod, and stacked lath like so many muskets, on which flags and articles of clothing hung—a considerable barricade; shoes, scarfs thrown about, paints, pipes, cigars and all the paraphernalia that keeps artists company; and behind me in the brush a smouldering banked fire, marking a sort of night-camp.

As I hurried on with my work a railed stairs presented itself in the space over the road in front of me, and one of my nephews (I think) leading a smaller boy by the hand, descended carefully toward *no* floor or landing. Seeing me he exclaimed,

"O, there you are! We've looked all over for you."

"Well, now you've found me, what is it you want of me?"

He answered, "Now we've found you!"—if that may be called an answer. It *is* a child's answer complete enough.

"Well, what of it? Suppose I didn't want to be found?" (Not so sweet!)

"Well, don't you want to go to the family dinner at Aunt Clara's? Dinner is almost ready—or will be."

"Well, what has that to do with me? (Slightly reminiscent of "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Am I Messianic in my mind?)

The boy then shows his hand: "Well, we ain't got any potatoes; couldn't you bring some old potatoes? Mr. Kipling is coming and tell stories."

"Oh, well, that's different. And if I bring the potatoes do I eat—or just watch *you* eat?"

"Don't you want to watch Mr. Kipling eat?"

"Oh, yes. Take a look in my grub-box and see if there are any potatoes good enough for Mr. Kipling. He's not very easy to please. You know he said he 'wouldn't fish in the road' with your father's outfit."

"Yeah, I know he did—but he's coming to eat—and we ain't got much, I guess; and your potatoes here look like wooden nutmegs. I guess we'll have to try some other place."

"Yes, I remember now I finished the spuds last night: but you kids go ahead. I'll gather in the sheaves and trek along soon. Tell your mother I'll buy potatoes at the store. (And it was a dredge-and-harrow job to gather up the multitude of articles scattered around me—cigarette and cigar butts, shoes, paints, pins and tapes, water-bottles, oil-cups, etc. They seemed to slip out of my hands as fast as I captured them!)

Approaching the large country house alone (having forgotten the potatoes) I suddenly heard a hand-organ behind me, and motioned to a maid in the kitchen to "turn out all hands into the road—Kipling was

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—*McClurg's Juvenile Book News*, Fall, 1942

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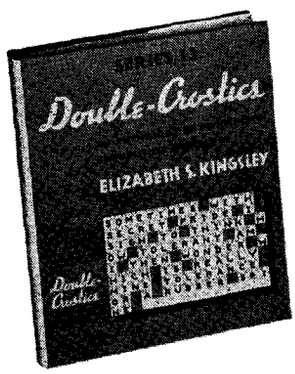
A memo to all kinds of brainy people from the Wendell Willkies to the Harry Emerson Fosdicks ...about Double Crostics



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playing 'On the Road to Mandalay' —to beat the band!" I shouted "Play again, Mr. Kipling; the folks want to hear." But other voices interrupted: "No, no, save it to play with the stories after dinner." (Carried.)

In the kitchen I inquired if I could get them anything at the store, meantime lifting the stove-lids and seeing them drop in pieces into the fire. (I was never much help in helping anybody but myself.) "Well, well; did you get the potatoes?" (How those spuds did persist! I must have been hungry and not afraid of starch.)

"Yes, at last, *new* potatoes—they are cooking slowly. We don't know if Mr. Kipling likes new potatoes."

"You don't know if he likes anything; but you *will* know soon."

At that moment Kipling entered and sat in a retired corner and asked abruptly if they had "fish for dinner." (The first day of Lent, note.)

Clara replied meekly: "We *could* have. The river is full of all kinds, but we have no good fisherman."

"Really! Well *I'm* a fisherman, not too blundering; but I have to have proper tools. I can't creel many with a broom or hockey-stick."

"Oh, no, of course not. There's a pole and reel and everything on the wall my husband thought was pretty good—but some *'wouldn't fish in the road with it',"* ventured the hostess.

Rudyard took down the outfit with proper swing and rhythm and began casting all over the room—as we dodged for our lives!

"Fine," he said, "Ext'rod'n'ry!" and marched toward the river singing:

> On the Road to Mandalay
> Where the flying fishes play
> And the sun comes up like thunder
> Out of China, in the Bay.

I must have *heard* this "sun" come up, and arose to a fifteen-cent breakfast that tasted like "thunder," after the sight and smell of Aunt Clara's better meal. It was 7 A.M.

We feel like offering a prize of some kind for the best printable explanation of Mr. Swift's dream, although many of the elements are analyzable! It has a real dream quality to it, the serious and the ludicrous beautifully blended!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Joyce Kilmer: "Trees." 2. Sidney Lanier: "A Ballad of Trees and the Master." 3. Robert Frost: "Birches." 4 Shakespeare: "As You Like It." 5. A. E. Housman: "A Shropshire Lad." 6. Sara Teasdale: "May Day." 7. George Pope Morris: "Woodman, Spare That Tree." 8. John Greenleaf Whittier: "Snowbound." 9. Tennyson: "The Princess." 10. Goethe: "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."

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The Crostics Club

MRS. F. S. SMITHERS, Greenwich, Conn., writes that a recent DC was a "humdinger, a thumper, and a stumper," and none of their trio, including the brilliant minds of Lady Gilbert Carter and Caroline Ruutz-Rees, could get it. The letter was accompanied by a hilarious pen-and-ink sketch, colored, made by Lady G. C., of a distracted puzzler sprawled full length on the floor with the *SRL* and a flood of reference books about her, captioned "Worse than Chaucer."

What is *unfair?* Is a specially difficult, but not tricky, DC unfair? Is a printer's error in *withdrawn* for *unwithdrawn* in the *solution* of the Lanier DC unfair? (I presume that his ear balked at the *un,* as whose didn't, and he corrected what he thought was an error?) Was my stupid spelling of *Wedgwood* unfair? Several have made such accusations, one even spiteful. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, we did get together in the Office to strengthen our determination to reduce such tribulations to a minimum, whereupon followed the recent mix-up in solutions!

A few years ago Lady G. C. dedicated to us from Barbadoes a clever poem, the last two stanzas running thus:

You fill my evening hours with joy,
With you I'm never lonely,
If e'er I'm wrecked on desert isle
I'd ask to have you only.

\- - - - - - - - -

So wake again and strike your harp
And seize your 'cylopedia,
This satellite Barbadian cries,
"Miss Kingsley! O I need yer!"

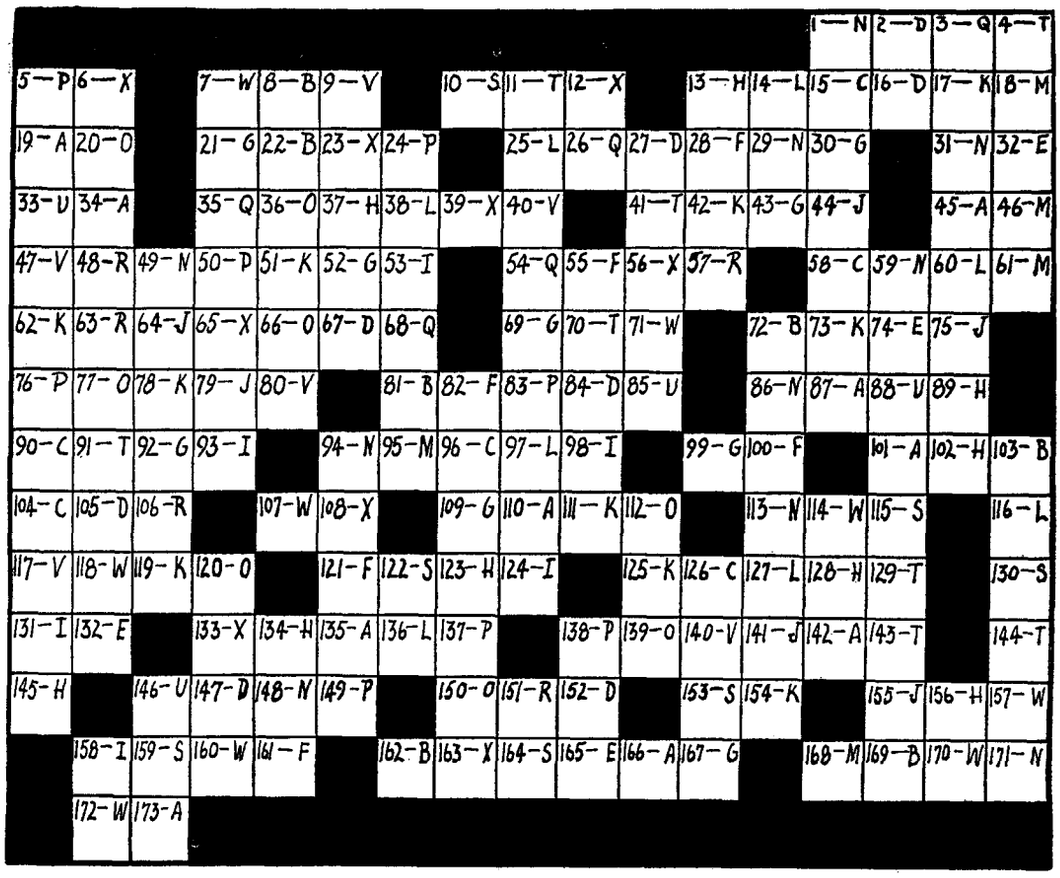
I think "the trio" would relish this first letter of a correspondence with Will Irwin, which I have long wanted to share with others. Written in long hand with markedly receding margins.

"Is it not enough that you pull on me the most abstruse terms in philosophy, theology, and music? Is it not enough that you hand me strange foreign composers—me whose peak of musical understanding rises only to Gilbert and Sullivan? Is it not enough that you try to baffle me with obscure capauchin monkeys, practically unknown vivaparous reptiles, rare Amazonian eels, and esoteric gastropods? Is it not enough that your ingenuity of definition makes Crabbe, Roget, and the dictionary as useless to my purposes as Webster's Spelling Book? Answer: No, it is not enough! Today, you spell the Harbor for Solomon's Ophir ships out of the Revised Version or the Douai Version, I know not which, and me with only the King James Version in the house. Perhaps there's a theological moral in this.

Anyhow, I foiled you in the end.

Yours admiringly,
WILL IRWIN.

Your puzzles are to cross-words as chess to parchesi." I think he went me one better, don't you? E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 450

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To detect the hidden nature or object of (2 wds.)

B. An Ohio college founded by Horace Mann.

C. A chatterer; also a scold.

D. Deprived of courage, strength, etc.

E. Vale from which Pluto carried off Proserpine.

F. River in Ireland.

G. London thoroughfare of chief police court.

H. Loosened by turning it.

I. Splints forming a short skirt in *armor* (See Dict.)

J. Pertaining to ancient N. Africa West of Egypt.

K. Pandora's husband.

L. Fixing closely (the gaze).

M. Athenian misanthrope, subject of play by Shakespeare.

N. The artificer among the Gods (Gr.)

O. Novel by Disraeli (1880).

P. An Edwardian.

Q. A pointed arch.

R. Inclined to vex jestingly.

S. Monster mother of the Sphinx.

T. A strait or narrow sea between 2 seas.

U. An American *bird* (warbler) with dome-shaped ground nest.

V. Casual worker on a farm (Eng.)

W. Gull of the genus *Rissa.*

X. To pursue; court (2 wds.)

WORDS

45 34 19 173 110 135 166 142 101 87

169 103 72 22 81 162 8

90 126 96 58 104 15

105 27 67 84 152 147 2 16

74 132 165 32

121 28 82 100 55 161

69 99 21 30 167 92 48 52 169

156 128 123 13 145 102 89 134 37

158 131 124 53 93 98

79 141 155 75 64 44

111 125 17 51 42 154 73 119 78 62

14 127 136 38 116 60 97 25

18 95 168 46 61

31 171 1 113 59 148 86 49 29 94

139 120 20 112 150 66 77 36

149 137 76 5 50 138 24 83

3 68 35 54 26

63 48 151 106 57

122 130 159 153 115 164 10

41 144 143 4 91 11 70 129

88 33 146 85

9 40 80 47 117 140

118 172 71 157 107 7 114 170 160

133 6 12 65 163 108 23 39 56

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